

THE
TRAGEDIE OF
Antonie.

*Doone into English by the
Countesse of
Pembroke*



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¶ The Argument.



A*FTER the overthrow of Brutus and Cassius, the libertie of Rome being now utterly oppressed, and the Empire settled in the hands of Octavius Cæsar and Marcus Antonius, (who for knitting a straiter bonde of amitie betweene them, had taken to wife Octavia the sister of Cæsar) Antonius undertooke a iourney against the Parthians, with intent to regaine on them the honor won by them from the Romanes, at the discomfiture and slaughter of Crassus. But comming in his iourney into Siria the places renewed in his remembrãce*

The Argument.

the long intermitted loue of Cleopatra Queene of Aegipte: who before time had both in Cilicia and at Alexandria, entertained him with all the exquisite delightes and sumptuous pleasures, which a great Prince and voluptuous loue could to the vttermost desire. Whereupon omitting his enterprice, he made his returne to Alexandria, againe falling to his former loues, without any regarde of his vertuous wife Octauia, by whom neuertheles he had excellent children. This occation Octavius took of taking armes against him: & preparing a mighty fleet, encountered him at Actium, who also had assembled to that place a great number of Gallies of his own, beside, 60. which Cleopatra brought with her from Aegipt, But at the very beginning of the battel Cleopatra with all her Gallies betooke her to flight, which Antony seeing could not but follow: by his departure leaving to

The Argument.

to Octavius the greatest victory which in any Seabattell hath beene hard off. Which he not negligent to pursue, followes them the next spring, and besiedgeth them with in Alexandria, where Antony finding al that he trusted to faile him, beginneth to growe iealouse and to suspect Cleopatra. She thereupon enclosed her selfe with two of her women in a monumēt she had before caused to be built, thence sends him worde she was dead: which he belceuing for truth, gaue himselfe with his Sworde a deadly wound: but died not until a messenger came frō Cleopatra to haue him brought to her to the tombe. Which she not daring to open least she should bee made a prisoner to the Romaines, & carried in Cæsars triumph, cast downe a cord from an high window, by the which (her womē helping her) she trussed up Antonius halfe dead, & so got him into the monumēt. The stage supposed alexandria: the chorus first Egiptians, & after Romane souldiors: The history to be read at large in Plutarch in the life of Antonius.



The Actors.

Antonius.

Cleopatra.

Eras and } Cleopatras womē
Charmiō. }

Philostratus a *Philosopher.*

Lucilius.

Diomede *Secretarie to Cleopatra.*

Octavius Cæsar.

Agrippa.

Euphron, *teacher of Cleopatras children.*

Children of Cleopatra,

Dircetus *the Messenger.*



ANTONIUS



Ince cruell Heau'ns
against me obstinate,
Since all mishappes
of the round engin doo
Conspire my harme:
since mé, since powers diuine
Aire, earth, and Sea
are all iniurious:

And that my Queene her selfe, in whome I liu'd,
The Idoll of my harte, doth me pursue;
It's meete I dye. For her haue I forgone
My Country, *Cesar* vnto warre prouok'd
(For iust reuenge of Sisters wrong; my wife,
Who mou'de my Queene (ay me!) to iecalousie)
For loue of her, in her allurements caught
Abandon'd life, I honor haue despisde,
Disdain'd my freends, and of the statelie Rome
Despoilde the Empire of her best attire,
Contemn'd that power that made me so much fear'd,

A





ANTONIVS.

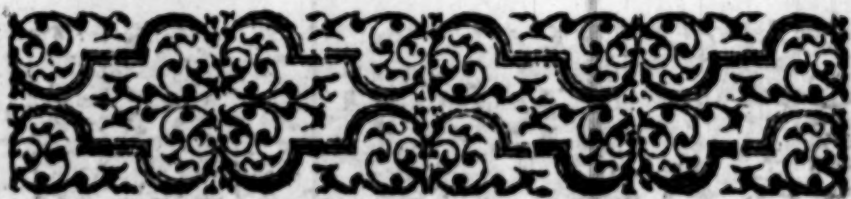
Aslaue become vnto her feeble face.
O cruell,traitres, woman most vnkinde,
Thou dost,forsworne,my loue and life betraie:
And giu'st me vpto ragefull enemye,
Which soone (ô foole!) will plague thy periurye.

Yeelded *Pelusium* on this countries shore,
Yeelded thou hast my Shippes and men of warre,
That nought remaines (so destitute am I)
But these same armes which on my back I weare.
Thou should' st haue had them too,and me vnarm'de
Yeelded to *Cæsar* naked of defence.

Which while I beare let *Cæsar* neuer thinke
Triumph of me shall his proud chariot grace
Not thinke with me his glory to adorne,
On me aliue to vse his victorie.

Thou only *Cleopatra* triumph hast,
Thou only hast my fredome seruile made,
Thou only hast me vanquisht: not by force
(For forste I cannot be) but by sweete baites
Of thy eyes graces, which did gaine so fast

vpon





ANTONIVS.

vpon my libertie, that nought remain'd.
None els henceforth, but thou my dearest Queene,
Shall glorie in commaunding *Antonie*.

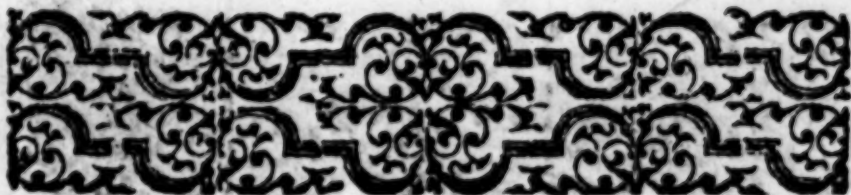
Haue *Cesar* fortune and the Gods his freends,
To him haue Ioue and fatall sisters giuen
The Scepter of the earth: he neuer shall
Subiect my life to his obedience.

But when that death, my glad refuge, shall haue
Bounded the course of my vnstedfast life,
And frosen corps vnder a marble colde
Within tombes bosome widdowe of my soule:]

Then at his will let him it subiect make:
Then what he will let *Cesar* doo with me:
Make me limme after limme be rent: make me
My buriall take in sides of *Thracian* wolte.

Poore *Antonie*! alas what was the day,
The daies of losse that gained thee thy loue!
Wretch *Antonie*! since *Magera* pale
With Snakie hairens chain'd thy miserie.
The fire thee burnt was neuer *Cupids* fire

For





ANTONIUS.

(For Cupid beares not such a mortall brand)
It was some furies torch, *Orestes* torche,
Which somtimes burnt his mother-murdering soule
(When wandring madde, rage boiling in his bloud,
He fled his fault which folow'd as he fled)
kindled within his bones by shadow pale
Of mother slaine return'd from Stygian lake.

Antony, poore *Antony*! since that daie
Thy olde good hap did farre from thee retire.
Thy vertue dead: thy glory made aliue
So ofte by martiall deeds is gone in smoke:
Since then the Baies so well thy forehead knewe
To Venus mirtles yeelded haue their place:
Trumpets to pipes: field tents to courtly bowers:
Launces and Pikes to daunces and to feastes.
Since then, ô wretch! in stead of bloody warres
Thou shouldst haue made vpon the Parthian Kings
For Romain honor filde by *Crassus* foile,
Thou threw'st thy Curiace off, and fearfull hearme,
With coward courage vnto *Aegiptus* Queene

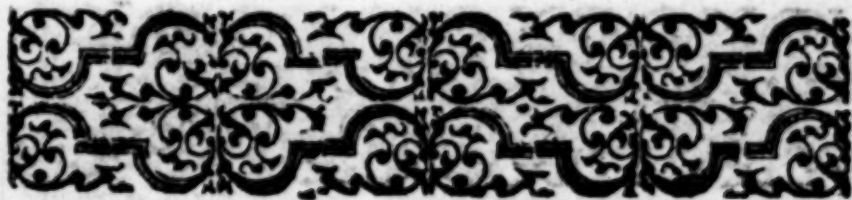
In





ANTONIVS.

In haste to runne, about her necke to hang
anguishing in her armes thy Idoll made:
In summe giuen vp to *Cleopatras* eies.
Thou breakest at length frō thence, as one encharm'd
Breakes from th' enchaunter that him strongly helde.
For thy first reason (spoyling of their force
The poisoned cuppes of thy faire Sorceres)
Recur'd thy sperit: and then on euery side
Thou mad'st again the earth with Souldiours swarme
All Asia hidde: Euphrates banks do tremble
To see at once so many Romanes there
Breath horror, rage, and with a threatning eye
In mighty squadrons crosse his swelling streames.
Nought seene but horse, and fier sparkling armes:
Nought heard but hideous noise of muttring troupes.
The *Parth*, the *Mede*, abandoning their goods
Hide them for feare in hilles of *Hircanie*,
Redoubting thee. Then willing to besiege
The great *Phraate* head of *Media*,
Thou campedst at her walles with vaine assault,
Thy



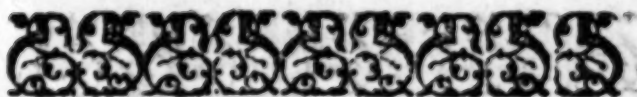


ANTONIVS.

Thy engins fit (misshap!) not thither brought,
So long thou stai'st, so long thou dost thee rest,
So long thy loue with such things nourished
Reframes, reformes it selfe and stealingly
Retakes his force and rebecomes more great.
For of thy Queene the lookes, the grace, the words,
Sweetnes, alurements, amorous delights,
Entred againe thy soule, and day and night,
In watch, in sleepe, her Image follow'd thee:
Not dreaming but of her, repenting still
That thou for warre hadst such a goddes left.

Thou car'st no more for *Parth*, nor *Parthian* bow,
Sallies, assaults, encounters, shocks, alarmes,
For ditches, rampiers, wards, entrenched grounds:
Thy only care is sight of *Nilus* streames,
Sight of that face whose gilefull semblant doth
(Wandring in thee) infect thy tainted hart.
Her absence thee besottes: each hower, each hower
Of staie, to thee impatient seemes an age.
Enough of conquest, praise thou deem'st enough,





ANTONIVS.

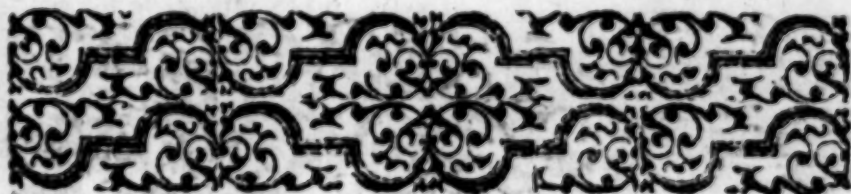
If soone enough the bristled fields thou see
Of fruitfull *Aegips*, and the stranger floud
Thy Queenes faire eyes (another *Pharos*) lights.

Returned loe, dishonoured, despisde,
In wanton loue a woman thee misleades
Sunke in foule sinke: meane while respecting nought
Thy wife *Octauia* and her tender babes,
Of whome the long contempt against thee whets
The sword of *Cesar* now thy Lord become.

Lost thy great Empire, all those goodly towne
Reuerenc'd thy name as rebells now thee leaue:
Rise against thee, and to the ensignes flocke
Of conquering *Cesar*, who enwallles thee round
Cag'd in thy hold, scarce maister of thy selfe,
Late maister of so many Nations.

Yet, yet, which is of grieve exrreamest grieve,
Which is yet of mischief highest mischief,
It's *Cleopatra* alas! alas, it's she,
It's she augments the torment of thy paine,
Betraies thy loue, thy life alas!) betraies,

Cesar





ANTONIVS.

Cesar to please, whose grace she seekes to gaine:
With thought her crowne to saue and fortune make
Onely thy foe which common ought haue beene.

If her I alwaies lou'd, and the first flame
Of her heart-killing loue shall burne me last:
Iustly complaine I the disloyall is,
Nor constant is, euen as I constant am,
To comfort my mishap, despising me
No more, then when the heauens fauour'd me.

*But ah! by nature women was'ring are,
Each moment changi ng and rechanging mindes,
Vnwise, who blinde in them, thinks loyaltye
Euer to finde in beauties companie.*

Chorus.

The boyling tempest still
makes not Sea waters fume:
nor still the Northern blast
disquiets quiet streames:

nor





ANTONIVS.

Nor who his chest to fill
sayles to the morning beames,
on waues winde tosseth fast
still kepes his ship from home.
Nor Ioue still downe doth cast
inflam'd with bloudie ire
on man, on tree, on hill,
his darts of thundring fire.
nor still the heat doth last
on face of parched plaine.
nor wrinkled colde doth still
on frozen furrowes raigne.
But still as long as we
in this low world remaine,
mishapps our daily mates
our liues doe intertaine:
and woes which beare no dates
still pearch vpon our heads,
none go but straight will be
some greater in their steads.

Nature





ANTONIUS.

Nature made vs not free
When first she made vs liue:
When we began to be,
To be began our woe:
Which growing euermore
As dying life doth growe,
Do more and more vs greeue,
And tire vs more and more.
No stay in fading states,
For more to height they retch,
Their fellow miseries.
The more to height do stretch.
They cling euen to the crowne,
And threatning furious wise
From tirannizing pates
Do often pull it downe.
In vaine on waues vntide
To shun them go we should
To *Scythes* and *Massagets*
Who neere the Pole reside:

In





ANTONIUS.

In vaine to boiling sandes
Which *Phæbus* battry beates,
For with vs still they would
Cut seas and compasse landes.
The darknes no more sure
To ioyne with heauy night:
The light which guildes the days
To follow *Titan* pure:
No more the shadow light
The body to ensue:
Then wretchednes alwaies
Vs wretches to pursue.
O blest who neuer breath'd,
Or whome with pittie mou'de,
Death from his cradle reau'de,
And swadled in his graue:
And blessed also he
(As curse may blessing haue)
Who low and liuing free
No princes charge hath prou'de.

B.

By





ANTONIVS.

By stealing sacred fire.

Prometheus then vnwise,
prouoking Gods to ire,
the heape of ills did sturre,
and sicknes pale and colde
our ende which onward spurre,
to plague our hands too bolde
to filch the wealth of skies.

In heauens hate since then
of ill with ill enchain'd
we race of mortall men
ful fraught our brests haue borne
and thousand thousand woes
our heau'nly soules now thorne,
which free before from those
no! earthly passion pain'd.

Warre and warrs bitter cheare
now long time with vs staie,
and feare of hated foe
still still encreaseth fore:

our





ANTONIUS.

our harmes worse dayly grow,
lesse yesterday they were
then now, and will be more
to morrow then to day.

Act. 2.

Philoftratus.

What horrible furie, what cruell rage,
O *Aegypt* so extremely thee torments?
Hast thou the Gods so angered by thy fault?
Hast thou against them some such crime conceiu'd,
That their engrained hand lift vp in threats
They should desire in thy heart bloud to bathe?
And that their burning wrath which noight cá quench
Should pittiles on vs still lighten downe?

We are not hew'n out of the monst'rous masse
Of *Giantes* those, which heauens wrack conspir'd:
Ixiens race, false prater of his loues:

B z

Nor





ANTONIUS.

Nor yet of him who fained lightnings found:
Nor cruell *Tantalus*, nor bloody *Atreus*,
Whose cursed banquet for *Thyestes* plague
Made the beholding Sunne for horreur turne
His backe, and backward from his course returne:
And hastning his wing-footed horses race
Plunge him in sea for shame to hide his face:
While fullaine night vpon the wondring world
For mid-daies light her starrie mantie cast.

But what we be, what euer wickednesse
By vs is done, Alas! with what more plagues,
More eager torments could the Gods declare
To heauen and earth that vs they hatefull holde?
With souldiors, strangers, horrible in armes
Our land is hidde, our people drown'd in teares.
But terror here and horror, nought is seene:
And present death prising our life each hower.
Hard at our ports and at our porches waites
Our conquering foe: harts faile vs, hopes are dead:
Our Queene laments; and this great Emperour
Sometime





ANTONIVS.

Somtime (would now they did) whom worlds did fear
Abandoned, betraid, now mindes no more
But from his euils by hast ned death to passe.

Come you poore people ri'de with ceasles plaints
With teares and sighes make morunfull sacrifice
On *Iffs* altars: not our selues to saue,
But soften *Cesar* and him piteous make
To vs, his praie: that so his lenitie
May change our death into captiuitie.

Strange are the euils the fates on vs haue brought,
O but alas! how far more strange the cause!
Loue, loue (alas, who euer would haue thought?)
Hath lost this Realme inflamed with his fire.
Loue, playing loue, which men say kindles not
But in soft hearts, hath alhes made our townes.
And his sweet shafts, with whose shot none are kill'd,
Which vlcen not, with deaths our lands haue fill'd,

Such was the bloudie, murdering, hellish loue
Possess thy hart faire false guest *Prims* sonne,
Firing a brand which after made to burne



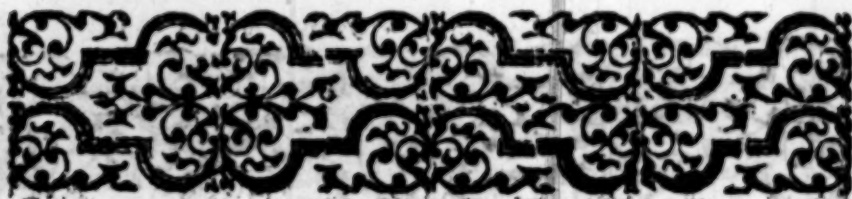


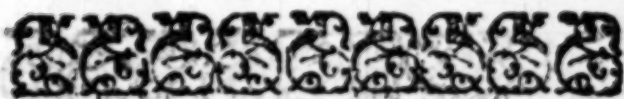
ANTONIVS.

The *Troian* towers by *Gracians* ruinate.
By this loue, *Priam*, *Hector*, *Troilus*,
Memnon, *Deiphobus*, *Glancus*, thousands mo.
Whome redd *Scamanders* armor clogged streames
Roll'd into Seas, before their dates are dead.
So plaguie he, so many tempests raiseth,
So murdring he, so many Citties raiseth,
When insolent, blinde, lawles, orderles,
With mad delights our sence he entertaines.

All knowing Gods our wracks did vs fortell
By signes in earth, by signes in starry Sphares,
Which should haue mou'd vs, had not destinie
With too strong hand warped our miserie.
The *Comes* flaming through the scat' red clouds
With fiery beames, most like vnbroaded haires:
The fearfull dragon whistling at the bankes:
And holy *Apis* ceasles bellowing
(As neuer erst) and shedding endles teares:
Bloud raining down frō heau'n in vnknow'n showers:
Our Gods darke faces ouercast with woe,

And





ANTONIVS.

And dead mens Ghosts appearing in the night,
Yea euen this night while all the Cittie stood
Opprest with terror, horror, seruile feare,
Deepe silence ouer all: the sounds were heard
Of diuers songs, and diuerse instruments,
Within the voide of aire: and howling noise,
Such as madde *Bacchus* priests in *Bacchus* feasts
On *Nisa* make: and (seem'd) the company,
Our Cittie lost, went to the enemie.

So we forsaken both of Gods and men,
So are we in the mercy of our foes:
And we henceforth obedient must become
To lawes of them who haue vs ouercome.

Chorus.

Lament we our mishaps,
Drowne we with teares our woe:
For Lamentable happes
Lamented easie growe;

And

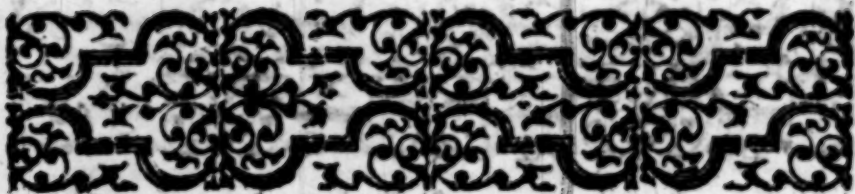




ANTONIVS.

and much lesse torment bring
then when they first did spring.
We want that wofull song,
wherwith wood-musiques Queen
doth ease her woes, among,
fresh springtimes bushes greene,
on pleasant branch alone
renewing auntient mone.
We want that monefull sound,
that pratling *Progne* makes
on fields of *Thracian* ground,
or streames of *Thracian* lakes:
to empte her brest of paine
for *Isys* by her slaine.
Though *Halcyons* do still,
bewailing *Ceyx* lot,
the Seas with plainings fill
which his dead limmes haue got,
not euer other graue!
then tombe of waues to haue:

And





ANTONIUS.

And though the bird in death,
that most *Meander* loues:
so sweetly sighes his breath
when death his fury proues,
as almost softs his heart,
and almost blunts his dart:
Yet all the plaints of those,
nor all their tearfull larmes,
cannot content our woes,
nor serue to waile the harmes,
in soule which we, poore we.
to feele enforced be.

Nor they of *Phabus* bredd
in teares can doo so well,
they for their brother shedd,
who into *Padus* fell,
rash guide of chariot cleere
surueiour of the yeare.

Nor she whom heau'nly powers
to weping rocke did turne,

Whose





ANTONIVS.

whose teares distill in showers,
and shew she yet doth mourne,
wherewith his toppe to Skie's
mount *Sipylus* doth rise.

Nor weping drops which flowe
from barke of wounded tree,
that *Mirrhas* shame doth shoue
with ours compar'd may be,
to quench her louing fire
who durst embrace her fire.

Nor all the howlings made
on *Cybel's* sacred hill
By Eunukes of her trade,
who *Asys*, *Asys* still
with doubled cries resound,
which *Eccho* makes rebound.

Our plaints no limits stay,
nor more then do our woes:
both infinitely straie
and neither measure knowes

In





ANTONIVS.

*In measure les them plaine:
Who measnr'd griefes sustaine.*

Cleopatra, Eras. Charmion, Diomedes,

Cleopatra.

That I haue thee betraide, deare *Antonie*,
My life, my soule, my sunne? I had such thought?
That I haue thee betraide my Lord, my King?
That I would breake my vowed faith to thee?
I aue thee? deceiue thee? ycelde thee to the rage
Of mightie foe? I euer had that hart?
Rather sharpe lightning lighten on my head:
Rather may I to deepest mischiefe fall:
Rather the opened earth deuoure me:
Rather fierce *Tigers* feed them on my flesh:
Rather, ô rather let our *Nilus* send,
To swallow me quicke, some weeping *Crocodile*.
And didst thou then suppose my royall heart

Had





ANTONIVS.

Had hatcht, thee to ensnare, a faithles loue?
And changing minde, as Fortune changed cheare,
I would weake thee, to winne the stronger, loose?
O wretch! ô caitiue! ô too cruell happe!
And did not I sufficient losse sustaine
Loosing my Realme, losing my libertie,
My tender of-spring, and the ioyfull light
Of beamy Sunne, and yet, yet losing more
Thee *Antony* my care, if I loose not
What yet remain'd: thy loue alas! thy loue,
More deare then Scepter, children, freedome, ligh
So readie I to row in *Charons* barge,
Shall leese the ioy of dying in thy loue:
So the sole comfort of my miserie
To haue one tombe with thee is me bereft.
So I in shady plaines shall plaine alone,
Not (as I hop'd) companion of thy mone,
O height of grieve! *Eras* why with continuall cries
Your griefull harmes doo you exasperate?
Torment your selfe with murthering complaints;

Straine





ANTONIVS.

Straine your weake brest so oft, so vehemently?
Water with teares this faire alabaster?
With sorrowes sting so many beauties wound?
Come of so many Kings want you the hart
Brauely, stoutly, this tempest to resist?

Cl. My eu'ls are wholly vnsupportable,
No humain force can them withstand, but death.

Eraf. To him that striues nought is impossible.

Cl. In striuing lyes no hope of my mishapps.

Eraf. All things do yeelde to force of louely face.

My face too louely caus'd my wretched case.

My face hath so entrap'd, so cast vs downe,

That for his conquest *Cesar* may it thanke,

Causing that *Antonie* one army lost

The other wholly did to *Cesar* yeld.

For not induring (so his amorous sprite

Was with my beautie fir'd) my shamefull flight,

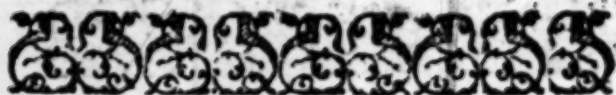
Soone as he saw from ranke wherein he stode

In hottest fight, my Gallies making faile:

Forgetfull of his charg (as if his soule

Vnto





ANTONIVS.

Vnto his Ladies soule had beene enchain'd
He left his men, who so couragiously
Did leaue their liues to gaine him victorie.
And carelesse both of fame and armies losse
My oared Gallies follow'd with his ships
Companion of my flight, by this base parte
Blasting his former flourishing renowne.

Er. Are you therefore cause of his ouerthrow?

Cl. I am sole cause: I did it, only I.

Er. Feare of a woman troubled so his sprite?

Cl. Fire of his loue was by my feare inflam'd.

Er. And should he then to warre haue led a Queener?

Cl. Alas! this was not his offence, but mine.

Antony (ay me! who else so braue a chiefe!)

Would not I should haue taken Seas with him:
But would haue left me fearefull woman farre
From common hazard of the doubtfull warre.

O that I had beleeu'd! now, now of *Rome*
All the great Empire at our beck should bende.
All should obey, the vagabonding *Scythes*,

The





ANTONIVS.

The feared *Germanes*, back-shooting *Parthians*,
Wandring *Numidians*, *Brittons* farre remou'd,
And tawny nations scorched with the Sunne.
But I car'd not: so was my soule posselt,
To my great harme) with burning iealousie:
Feareing least in my absence *Antony*
Should leauing me retake *Octavia*.

Char. Such was the rigour of your destiny.

Cl. Such was my error and obstinacie.

Ch. But since Gods would not, could you do withall?

Cl. Alwaies from Gods good haps, not harms, do fall.

Ch. And haue they not all power on mens affaires?

Cl. They neuer bow so low. as worldly cares.

But leaue to mortall men to be dispos'd

Freely on earth what euer mortall is.

If we therein sometimes some faults commit,

We may them not to their high maiesties,

But to our selues impute; whose passions

Plunge vs each day in all afflictions.

Wherwith when we our soules do thorned feelee,

Flat





ANTONIUS.

Flatt'ring our selues we say they dest'nies are:
That gods would haue it so, and that our care
Could not empeach but that it must be so.
Char. Things here below are in the heau'ns begot,
Before they be in this our wordle borne:
And neuer can our weaknesse turne awry
The staileffe course of powerfull destenie.
Nought here force, reason, humane prouidence,
Holie deuotion, noble bloud preuailes:
And Ioue himselfe whose hand doth heauens rule,
Who both to gods and men as King commands,
Who earth (our firme support) with plenty stores,
Moues aire and sea with twinckling of his eie,
Who all can doe, yet neuer can vndoe
What once hath beene by their hard lawes decreed.
When *Troyan* walles, great *Neptunes* workmanship.
Enuiron'd were with *Greekes*, and Fortunes whele
Doubtfull ten yeares now to the campe did turne,
And now againe towards the towne return'd.
How many times did force and fury swell





ANTONIVS.

In *Hectors* veines egging him to the spoile
Of conquer'd foes, which at his blowes did fly,
As fearefull sheepe at feared wolues approch:
To saue (in vaine: for why? it would not be),
Poore walles of *Troy* from aduersaries rage,
Who died them in bloud, and cast to ground
Heap'd them with bloudie burning carcases.

No, Madame, thinke, that if the ancient crowne
Of your progenitors that *Nilus* rul'd,
Force take from you; the Gods haue will'd it so,
To whome oft times Princes are odious.
They haue to euery thing an end ordain'd;
All worldly greatnes by them bounded is:
Some sooner, later some, as they thinke best:
None their decree is able to infringe.
But, which is more, to vs disastred men
Which subiect are in all things to their will,
Their will is hid: nor while we liue, we know
How, or how long we must in life remaine.
Yet must we not for that feede on dispaire;

C

And





ANTONIVS.

And make vs wretched ere we wretched be:
But alwaies hope the best, euen to the last,
That from our selues the mischiefe may not grow.

Then, Madame, helpe your selfe, leaue of in time
Antonies wracke, lest it your wracke procure:
Retire you from him, saue from wrathfull rage
Of angry *Cesar* both your Realme and you.
You see him lost, so as your amitie
Vnto his euills can yeeld no more reliefe.
You see him ruin'd, so as your support
No more henceforth can him with comfort raise.
With-draw you from the storme: persist not still
To loose your selfe: this royall diademe
Regaine of *Cesar*. Cl. Sooner shining light
Shall leaue the day, and darknes leaue the night:
Sooner moist currents of tempestuous seas
Shall waue in heauen, and the nightly troopes
Of starres shall shine within the foming waues,
Then I thee, *Antony*, Leauē in deepe distres.
I am with thee, be it thy worthy soule

Lodge





ANTONIVS.

Lodge in thy brest, or from that lodging parte
Crossing the ioyles lake to take her place
In place prepared for men Demy-gods.

Liue, if thee please, if life be lothsome die:
Dead and aliue, *Antony*, thou shalt see
Thy princeesse follow thee, folow, and lament,
Thy wrack, no lesse her owne then was thy weale.

Char. What helps his wrack this euer-lasting loue?

Cl. Help, or help not, such must, such ought I proue.

Ch. Ill done to loose your selfe, and to no end.

Cl. How ill thinke you to follow such a frend?

Ch. But this your loue nought mitigates his paine.

Cl. Without this loue I should be inhumaine.

Ch. Inhumaine he, who his owne death pursues.

Cl. Not inhumaine who miseries eschues.

Ch. Liue for your sonnes. *Cl.* Nay for their father die.

Ch. Hardharted mother! *Cl.* Wife kindhearted I.

Ch. Then will you them depriue of royall right?

Cl. Do I depriue them? no, it's dest'nies might.

Ch. Do you not them depriue of heritage,

C 2

That



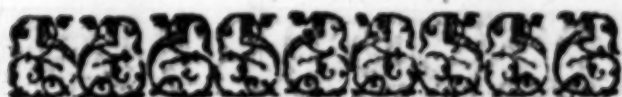


ANTONIVS.

That giue them vp to aduersaries hands,
A man forsaken fearing to forsake,
Whome such huge numbers hold inuironned?
T'abandon one gainst whome the frowning world
Banded with *Cesar* makes conspiring warre.
Cl. The lesse ought I to leaue him left of all.
A friend in most distresse should most assist.
If that when *Antonio* great and glorious
His legions led to drinke *Euphrates* streames,
So many Kings in traine redoubtring him;
In triumph rais'd as high as highest heau'n;
Lord-like disposing as him pleased best,
The wealth of *Greece*, the wealth of *Asia*:
In that faire fortune had I him exchaung'd
For *Cesar*, then, men would haue counted me
Faithles, vnconstant, light: but now the storme,
And blustering tempest driuing on his face,
Readie to drowne, *Alas!* what would they say?
What would him selfe in *Pharos* mansion say?
If I, whome alwaies more then life he lou'de,

If





ANTONVS.

If I, Who am his heart, who was his hope,
Leaue him, forsake him (and perhaps in vaine)
Weakly to please who him hath ouerthrowne?
Not light, vnconstant, faithlesse should I be,
But vile, forsworne, of treachrous cruelty.

Ch. Crueltie to shunne you selfe-cruell are:

Cl. Selfe-cruell him from cruelty to spare.

Ch. Our first affection to ourselfe is due.

Cl. He is my selfe. *Ch.* Next it extends vnto
Our children, friends, and to our country soile.

And you for some respect of wiuely loue,
(Albee scarce wiuely) loose your natiue land,
Your children, friends, and (which is more) your life,
With so strong charmes doth loue bewitch our witts:
So fast in vs this fire once kindled flames.

Yet if his harme by yours redresse might haue,

Cl. With mine it may be clos'de in darksome graue.

Ch. And that, as *Alceſt* to her selfe vnkind,

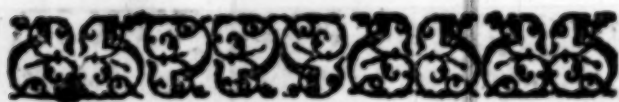
You might exempt him from the lawes of death.

But he is sure to die: and now his sword

C 3

Alreadie

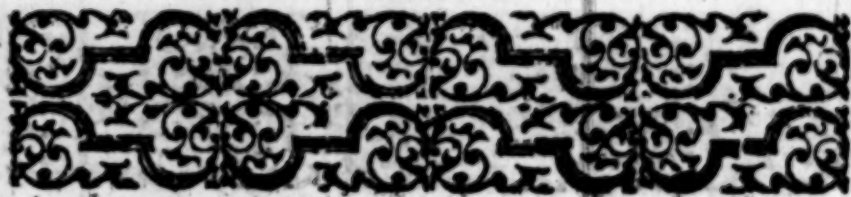


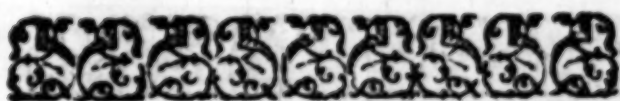


ANTONIVS.

Already moisted is in his warme bloud,
Helples for any succour you can bring
Against deaths sting, which he must shortly feele.

Then let your loue be like the loue of olde
Which *Carian* Queene did nourish in hir heart
Of hir *Mausolus*: builde for him a tombe
Whose statelinesse a wonder new may make.
Let him, let him haue sumptuous funeralls:
Let graue thereon the horror of his fights:
Let earth be buri'd with vnburied heaps.
Frame their *Pharsaly*, and discoulour'd stream's
Of deepe *Enipeus*: frame the grassie plaine,
Which lodg'd his campe at siege of *Mutina*.
Make all his combats, and couragious acts:
And yearely plaies to his praise institute:
Honor his memory: with doubled care
Breed and bring vp the children of you both
In *Casars* grace: who as a noble Prince
Will leaue them Lords of this most glorious realme.
Cl. What shame were that? ah Gods! what infamie?
With





ANTONIUS.

With *Antony* in his good haps to share,
And ouerliue him dead: deeming enough
To shed some teares vpon a widdow tombe?
The after-liuers iustly might report
That I him only for his Empire lou'd,
And high estate: and that in hard estate
I for another did him lewdly leaue?
Like to those birds wasted with wandring wings
From foraine lands in spring-time here arriue:
And liue with vs so long as Somers heate,
And their foode lasts, then seeke another soile.
And as we see with ceaslesse fluttering
Flocking of seelly flies a brownish cloud
To vintag'd wine yet working in the tonne:
Not parting thence while they sweete liquor taste:
After, as smoke, all vanish in the aire,
And of the swarme not one so much appeare.
Eras. By this sharpe death what profit can you winne?
Cl. I neither gaine nor profit seeke therein.
Er. What praise shall you of after-ages get?

Cl.





ANTONIUS.

Cl. Nor praise, nor Glory in my cares are set.

Eraf. What other end ought you respect, then this?

Cl. My only end my onely duty is.

Eraf. Your dutie must vpon some good be founded?

Cl. On vertue it, the onely good, is grounded.

Er. What is that *vertue*? *Cl.* That which vs beseemes.

Er. Outrage our selues? who that beseeming deemeth?

Cl. Finish I will my sorrowes dieng thus.

Er. Minish you will your glories doing thus.

Cl. Good frends I pray you seeke not to reuoke

My fix'd intent of folowing *Antony*.

I will die. I will die: must not his life,

His life and death by mine be followed?

Meane while, deare sisters, liue: and while you liue,
Do often honor to our loued Tombes.

Straw them with flowers: and sometimes happely

The tender thought of *Antony* your Lord

And me poore soule to teares shall you inuite,

And our true loues your dolefull voice commend.

Ch. And thinke you Madame, we from you will part?

Thinke





ANTONIUS.

Thinke you alone to feele deaths ougly darte?
Thinke you to leaue vs? and that the same sunne
Shall see at once you dead, and vs aliue?
Weele die with you: and *Cleopha* pittilesse
Shall vs with you in hellish boate imbarque:
Cl. Ah liue, I praie you: this disastred woe
Which racks my heart, alone to me belongs:
My lot longs not to you: seruants to be
No shame, no harme to you, as is to me.
Liue sisters, liue, and seing his suspect
Hath causlesse me in sea of sorrowes drown'd,
And that I cannot liue, if so I would,
Nor yet would leaue this life, if so I could,
Without his loue: procure me, *Diomed*,
That gainst poore me he be no more incens'd.
Wrest out of his conceit that harmesfull doubt,
That since his wracke he hath of me conceiu'd
Thogh wrong conceiu'd: witnes you reuerent Gods,
Barking *Anubis*, *Apis* bellowing.
Tell him, my soule burning, impatient,

For-





ANTONVS.

Forlorne with loue of him, for certaine scale
Of her true loialtie my corpe hath left,
T'encrease of dead the number numberlesse.

Go then, and if as yet he me bewaile,
If yet for me his heart one sigh fourth breathe
Blest shall I be: and far with more content
Depart this world, where so I me torment.
Meane season vs let this sad tombe enclose,
Attending here till death conlude our woes.

Diom. I will obey your will. *Cl.* So the desert
The Gods repay of thy true faithfull heart.

Diomed.

And is't not pittie, Gods, ah Gods of heau'n
To see from loue such hatefull frutes to spring?
And is't not pittie that this firebrand so
Laies waste the trophes of *Phillippi* fieldes?
Where are those sweet alluremets, those sweet lookes,
Which gods theselues right hart sick wuld haue made

What





ANTONIVS.

What doth that beautie, rarest guift of heau'n,
Wonder of earth? Alas! what do those eies?
And that sweete voice all *Asia* vnderstoode,
And sunburnt *Africke* wide in deserts spred?
Is their force dead? haue they no further power?
Can not by them *Octavius* be surpriz'd?
Alas! if *Ioue* in middst of all his ire,
With thunderbolt in hand some land to plague,
Had cast his eies on my Queene, out of hand
His plaguing bolte had faue out of his hand:
Fire of his wrath into vaine smoke should turne,
And other fire within his brest should burne.

Nought liues so faire. Nature by such a worke
Her selfe, should seeme, in workmanship hath past.
She is all heau'nly: neuer any man
But seeing hir was rauish'd with her sight.
The Allablaste couering of her face,
The corall coullor hir two lips engraines,
Her beamy eies, two Sunnes of this our world,
Of hir faire haire the fine and flaming golde,

Her





ANTONIVS.

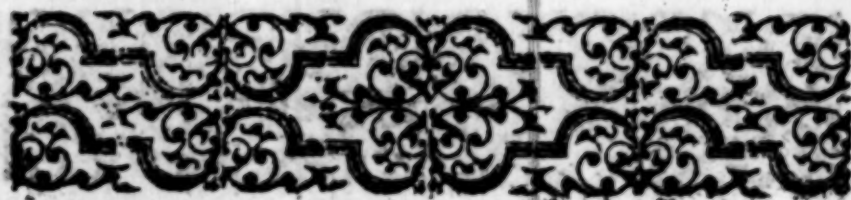
Her braue streight stature, and her winning partes
Are nothing else but fiers, fetters, dartes.

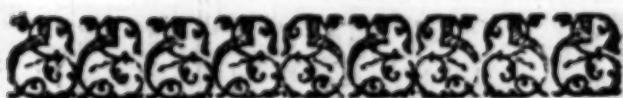
Yet this is nothing th'enchauting skilles
Of her celestially Sp'rite, hir training speach,
Her grace, hir maiesty, and forcing voice,
Whither she it with fingers speach consort,
Or hearing sceptred kings embassadors
Answer to each in his owne language make.

Yet now at neede it aides her not at all
With all these beauties, so her sorrow stinges.
Darkned with woe her only study is
To weepe, to sigh, to seeke for lonelines.

Careles of all, hir haire disordred hangs:
Hir charming eies whence murthring looks did flie,
Now riuers grown, whose wellspring anguish is,
Do trickling wash the marble of hir face.
Hir faire discover'd brest with sobbing swolne
Selfe cruell she still martirith with blowes,

Alas! It's our ill hap, for if hir teares
She would conuert into her louing charmes,





ANTONIVS.

To make a conquest of the conqueror,
(As well she might, would she hir force imploie)
She should vs fastie from these ills procure,
Hir crowne to hir, and to hir race assure.

*Unhappy he, in whome selfe-succour lies,
Yet selfe-forsaken wanting succour dies.*

Chorus.

O sweete fertile land, wherein
Phæbus did with breth inspire
man who men did first begin,
formed first of *Nilus* mire.
whence of *Arctes* the eldest kindes,
earths most heauenly ornament,
were as from their fountaine sent
to enlight our misty mindes.
whose grosse sprite frō endles time
as in darkned prison pente,
neuer did to knowledge clime.

Where





ANTONIVS.

Wher the *Nile*, our father good,
father-like doth neuer misse
yearely vs to bring such food,
as to life required is:
visiting each yeare this plaine,
and with fat slime cou'ring it,
which his seauen mouthes do spit,
as the season comes againe.
making therby greatest growe
busie reapers ioyfull paine,
when his flouds do highest flow.

Wandering Prince of riuers thou,
honor of the *Aethiops* lande,
of a Lord and maister now
thou a slaue in awe must stand.
now of *Tiber* which is spred
lesse in force, and lesse in fame
reuerence thou must the name,
whome all other riuers dread,
for his children swolne in pride,
who





ANTONIVS.

who by conquest seeke to treade
round this earth on euery side.
Now thou must begin to send
tribute of thy warry store,
as sea pathes thy steps shall bend,
yearely presents more and more.
thy fat skumme, our fruitfull corne,
pill'd from hence with theuish hãds
all vnclouth'd shal leaue our lands
into forraine country borne.
which puffed vp with such a pray
shall thereby the praise adorne
of that scepter *Rome* doth sway.
Nought thee helps thy hornes to hide
far from hence in vnknown grounds,
that thy waters wander wide,
yerely breaking banks, and bounds.
and that thy Skie-coullor'd brooks
through a hundred peoples passe,
drawing plots for trees and grasse
with





ANTONIUS.

with a thousand turn's and crookes.
whome all weary of their way
thy throats which in widenesse passe
powre into their mother Sea.
Nought so happie haplesse life
" in this world as freedome findes:
" nought wherin mor sparkes are rise
" to inflame couragious mindes.
" but if force must vs inforce
" needes a yoke to vndergo,
" vnder foraine yoke to go
" Still it proues a bondage worse.
" and doubled subiection
" see we shall, and feele, and know
" subiect to a stranger growne.
From hence forward for a King,
whose first being from this place
should his brest by nature bring
care of country to imbrace,
We at surly face must quake





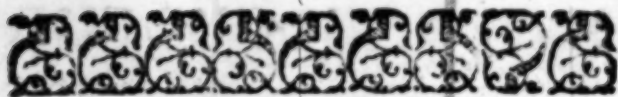
ANTONIUS.

of some *Romaine* madly bent:
who our terrour to augment.
his *Proconsuls* axe will shake.
driuing with our Kings from hence
our establish'd gouernment,
iustice sword, and lawes defence.
Nothing worldly of such might
but more mighty *Destiny*,
by swift *Times* vnbridled flight,
makes in end his end to see.
euery thing *Time* ouerthrowes,
nought to end doth steadfast staie.
his great sithe mowes all away
as the stalke of tender rose,
onely immortalitie
of the heauens doth it oppose
gainst his powrefull *Deitie*.
One day there will come a day
which shall quaile thy fortunes flower
and thee ruinde low shall laie

D

In





ANTONIUS.

in some barbarous Princes power,
when the pittie-wanting fire
shall, O *Rome*, thy beauties burne,
and to humble ashes turne
thy proud wealth and rich attire,
those guilt rooves which turretwise,
iustly making enuy mourne,
threaten now to pearce Skies.

As thy forces fill each land
haruests making here and there,
reaping all with rauening hand
they find growing any where:
from each land so to thy fall
multitudes repaire shall make,
from the common spoile to take
what to each manis shaire may fall
singred all thou shalt behold:
no iote left for tokens sake
that thou wert so great of olde.
Like vnto the ancient *Troie*

whence





ANTONIUS.

whence deriu'd thy founders be,
conqu'ring foe shall thee enioie,
and a burning praie in thee.
for within this turning ball
this we see, and see each daie:
all things fixed ends do staie,
ends to first beginnings fall.
& that nought, how strong or strāge
chaungeles doth endure alwaie,
But eudureth fatall change.

M. Antonius, Lucilius,

M. Ans.

Lucil. sole comfort of my bitter case,
The only trust, the only hope I haue,
In last despaire: Ah is not this the daie
That death should me of life and loue bereaue?
What waite I for that haue no refuge left,

D 2

But





ANTONIVS.

But am sole remnant of my fortune left?
All leaue me, flie me: none, noe'not of them
Which of my greatnes greatest good receiu'd,
Stands with my fall:they seeme as now asham'd
That heretofore they did me ought regard:
They draw them backe, shewing they folow'd me,
Not to partake my harm's, but coozen me.

*Lu. In this our world nothing is stedfast found,
In vaine he hopes, who here his hopes doth ground.*

An. Yet nought afflicts me, nothing killes me so,
As that I so my *Cleopatra* see

Practise with *Cesar*, and to him transport
My flame, her loue, more deare then life to me.

Lu. Beleeue it not: Too high a heart she beares,
Too princely thoughts. *An.* Too wise a head she weare
Too much enflam'd with greatnes, euermore
Gaping for our great Empires gouernment.

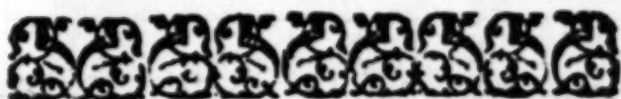
Lu. So long time you her constant loue haue tri'de.

An. But still with me good fortune did abide.

Lu. Her changed loue what token makes you know?

An.





ANTONIVS.

An. *Pelusium* lost, and *Asian* ouerthrow,
Both by her fraud: my well appointed fleet,
And trusty Souldiors in my quarrell arm'd,
Whome she, false she, in steede of my defence,
Came to perswade, to yelde them to my foe:
Such honor *Thyre* done, such welcome giuen,
Their long closetalkes I neither knew, nor would,
And trecherous wrong *Alexas* hath me donne,
Witnes too well her periur'd loue to me.

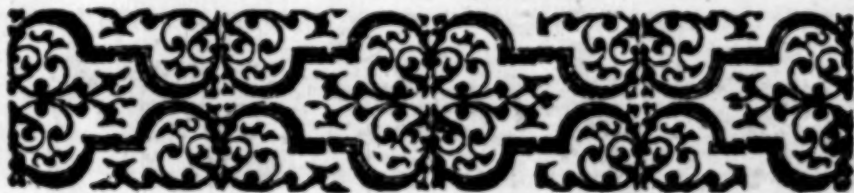
But you O Gods (if any faith regarde)
With sharpe reuenge her faithlesse change reward.

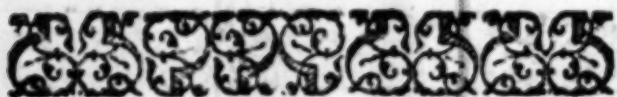
Lu. The dole she made vpon our ouerthrow,
Her realme giuen vp for refuge to our men,
Her poore attire when she deuoutly kept
The solemne day of her natiuitie,
Againe the cost and prodigall expence
Shew'd when she did your birth day celebrate,
Do plaine enough her heart vnfained proue,
Equally toucht, you louing, as you loue.

Ans. Well; be her loue to me or false, or true,

D 3

Once





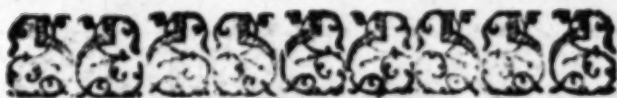
ANTONIUS.

Once in my soule a cureles wound I feele.
I loue: nay burne in fire of her loue:
Each day, each night hir Image haunts my minde,
Her selfe my dreames: and still I tired am,
And still I am with burning pincers nipt.
Extream my harme: yet sweeter to my sence
Then boiling Torch of iealous torments fire:
This griefe, nay rage, in me such sturre doth keepe,
And thornes me still, both when I wake and sleepe.

Take *Cæsar* conquest, take my goods, take he
Th'onor to be Lord of the earth alone,
My sonnes, my life bent headlong to mishapps:
No force, so not my *Cleopatra* take.
So foolish I, I cannot her forget,
Though better were I banisht her my thought.
Like to the sicke whose throte the feauers fire
Hath vehemently with thirstie drought enflam'd,
Drinckes still, albee the drinke he still desires
Be nothing else but fewell to his flame.
He cannot rule himselfe: his health's respect

Yealdeth





ANTONIVS.

Yealdeth to his distempered stomacks heate.

Lu. Leauē of this loue, that thus renews your woe.

An. I do my best, but ah! can not do so.

Lu. Thinke how you haue so braue a captaine bene,
And now are by this vaine affection false.

An. The ceasles thought of my felicitie
Plunges me more in this aduersitie.

For nothing so a man in ill torments,

As who to him his good state represents;

This makes my rack, my anguish, and my woe
Equall vnto the hellish passions growe,
When I to mind my happie puissance call
Which erst I had by warlike conquest wonne,
And that good fortune which me neuer left,
Which hard disastre now hath me bereft.

With terror tremble all the world I made
At my sole word, as Rushes in the streames
At waters will: I conquer'd Italie,
I conquer'd *Rome*, that nations so redoubt.
I Bare (meane while besieging *Mutina*)

Two





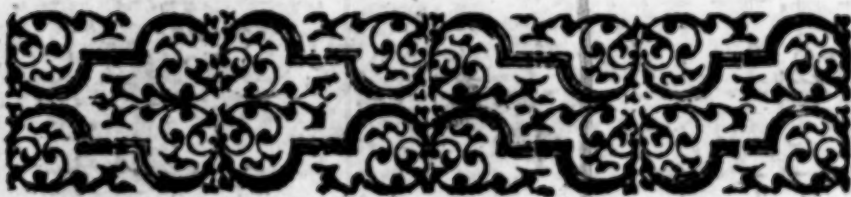
ANTONIUS.

Two consuls armies for my ruine brought.
Bath'd in their blood, by their deaths witnessing
My force and skill in matters Martiall.

To wreake thy vnkle, vnkind *Cesar*, I
With blood of enemies the bankes embru'd
Ofstain'd *Enipens*, hindring his course
Stopped with heapes of piled carcases:
When *Cassius* and *Brutus* ill betide
Marcht against vs, by vs twise put to flight,
But by my sole conduct: for all the time
Cesar hart-sicke with feare and feauer lay.
Who knowes it not? and how by euery one
Fame of the fact was giu'n to me alone.

There sprang the loue, the neuer changing loue,
Wherin my heart hath since to yours bene bound:
There was it, my *Lucill*, you *Brutus* sau'de,
And for your *Brutus Antony* you found.
Better my hap in gaining such a frend,
Then in subduing such an enimie.
Now former vertue dead doth me forsake,

Fortune





ANTONIUS.

Fortune engulfes me in extreame distresse:
She turnes from me her smiling countenance,
Casting on me mishapp vpon mishapp,
Left and betraide of thousand thousand frends,
Once of my sute, but you *Lucill* are left,
Remaining to me stedfast as a tower
In holy loue, in spite of fortunes blastes.
But if of any God my voice be heard,
And be not vainely scatt' red in the heau'ns,
Such goodnes shall not glorileffe be losse.
But comming ages still thereof shall boiste.
¶ Men in their frendship euer should be one,
And neuer ought with fickle Fortune shake,
Which still remoues, nor will, nor knowes the way,
Her rowling bowle in one sure state to staie.
Wherefore we ought as borrow'd things receiue
The goods light she lends vs to pay againe:
Not hold them sure, nor on them build our hopes
As on such goods as cannot faile, and fall:
But thinke againe, nothing is dureable,

Vertue





ANTONIVS.

Vertue except, our neuer failing host:
So bearing faile when fauoring windes do blow,
As frowning tempests may vs least dismaie
When they on vs do fall: not ouer-glad
With good estate, nor ouer-grieu'd with bad.
Resist mishap. *Ans.* Alas! it is too strong.
Mishappes oft times are by some comfort borne:
But these, ay me! whose weights oppresse my hart,
Too heauie lie, no hope can them relieue.

There rests no more, but that with cruell blade
For lingring death a hastie waie be made,
Lu. Caesar, as heire vnto his fathers state.
So will his Fathers goodnes imitate,
To you ward: whome he know's allied in bloud,
Allied in mariage, ruling equally
Th' Empire with him, and with him making warre
Haue purg'd the earth of *Caesar* murtherers.
You into portions parted haue the world
Euen like coheirs their heritages parte:
And now with one accord so many yeares

In





ANTONIVS.

In quiet peace both haue your charges rul'd.

Ant. Bloud and alliance nothing do preuaile
To coole the thirst of hote ambitious breasts:
The sonne his Father hardly can endure,
Brother his brother, in one common Realme.

So feruent this desire to commaund:
Such iealousie it kindleth in our hearts,
Sooner will men permit another should

Loue her they loue, then weare the crowne they weare.

All lawes it breakes, turnes all things vpside downe:

Amitie, kindred, nought so holy is
But it defiles. A monarchie to gaine

None cares which way, so he may it obtaine.

Lu. Suppose he Monarch be and that this world

No more acknowledg sundry Emperours,

That *Rome* him only feare, and that he ioyne

The east with west, and both at once do rule: -

Why should he not permitt you peaceablie

Discharg'd of charge and Empires dignitie,

Private to liue reading *Philosophy*,

In





ANTONIVS.

In learned *Greece, Spaine, Asia*, any land?

An. Neuer will he his Empire thinke assur'de
While in this world *Marke Antony* shall liue.

Sleepeles Suspicion, Pale distrust, cold feare

Alwaies to princes companie do beare

Bred of reports: reports which night and day

Perpetuall guests from courts go not away.

Lu. He hath not slaine your brother *Lucius*,

Nor shortned hath the age of *Lepidus*,

Albeit both into his hands were falne,

And he with wrath against them both enflam'd.

Yet one, as Lord in quiet rest doth beare,

The greatest sway in great *Iberia*:

The other with his gentle Prince retaines

Of highest Priest the sacred dignitie.

An. He feares not them, their feeble force he knowes.

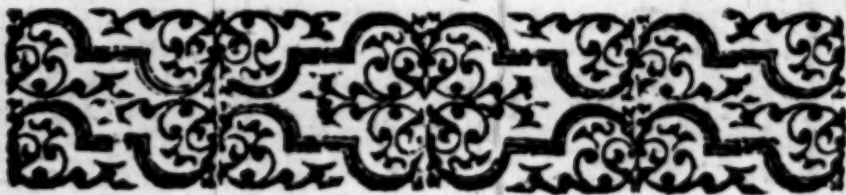
Lu. He feares no vanquisht ouerfill'd with woes.

An. Fortune may chaunge againe. *L.* A down-cast foe

Can hardly rise, which once is brought so low.

Ans. All that I can is donne: for last assay

(When





ANTONIVS.

(When all means fail'd) I to entreaty fell,
(Ah coward creature!) whence againe repulst
Of combate I vnto him proffer made:
Though he in prime, and I by feeble age
Mightily weakned both in force and skill.
Yet could not he his coward heart aduance
Basely affraide to trie so praisefull chaunce.
This makes me plaine, makes me my selfe accuse,
Fortune in this her spitefull force doth vse
'Gainst my gray hayres: in this vnhappy I
Repine at heau'ns in my happes pittiles.
A man, a woman both in might and minde,
In *Mars* his schole who neuer lesson learn'd,
Should me repulse, chase, ouerthow, destroy,
Me of such fame, bring to so low an ebbe?
Alcides bloud, who from my infancy
With happy prowesse crowned haue my praise
Witnesse thou *Gaule* vnus'd to seruile yoke,
Thou valiant *Spaine*, you fields of *Theffalie*
With millions of mourning cries bewail'd,

Twice





ANTONIUS.

Twise watred now with bloud of *Italie*.

Lu. Witnes may *Afrique*, and of conquer'd world
All fower quarters witnessles may be.

For in what part of earth inhabited,
Hungry of praise haue you not ensignes spred?

Ans. Thou know'lt rich *Aegipt* (*Aegipt* of my deedes
Faire and foule subiect) *Aegypt* ah! thou know'lt
How I behau'd me fighting for thy kinge,
When I regainde him his rebellious Realme:
Against his foes in battaile shewing force,
And after fight in victory remorse.

Yet if to bring my glory to the ground,
Fortune had made me ouerthrowne by one
Of greater force, of better skill then I:
One of those Captaines feared so of olde,
Camill, *Marcellus*, worthy *Scipio*,
This late great *Cesar*, honor of our state,
Or that great *Pompei* aged growne in armes;
That after haruest of a world of men
Made in a hundred battailes, fights, assaults,

My





ANTONIVS.

My body thorow pearst with push of pike
Had vomited my bloud, in bloud my life,
In midd' st of millions felowes in my fall:
The lesse her wrong, the lesse should my woe:
Nor she should paine, nor I complaine me so.

No, no, wheras I should haue died in armes,
And vanquisht oft new armies should haue arm'd,
New battailes giuen, and rather lost with me
All this whole world submitted vnto me:

A man who neuer saw enlaced pikes
With bristled points against his stomake bent,
Who feares the field, and hides him cowardly
Dead at the very noise the souldiors make.

His vertue, fraud, deceit, malicious guile,
His armes the arts that false *Vlisses* vs'd,
Knowne at Modena, where the *Consuls* both
Death-wounded were, and wounded by his men
To get their armie, war with it to make
Against his faith, against his country soile.
Of *Lepidus*, which to his succours came,

To





ANTONIVS.

To honor whome he was by dutie bound,
The Empire he vsurpt: corrupting first
with baites and bribes the most part of his men.
Yet me hath ouercome, and made his pray,
And state of *Rome*, with me hath ouercome.

Strange! one disordred act at *Actium*
The earth subdu'de, my glory hath obscur'd.
For since, as one whome heauens wrath attaints,
With furie caught, and more then furious
Vex'd with my euills, I neuer more had care
My armies lost, or lost name to repaire:
I did no more resist. *Lu.* all warres affaires,
But battailes most, dayly haue their successe
Now good, now ill: and though that fortune haue
Great force and power in euery worldly thing,
Rule all, do all, haue all things fast enchaind
Vnto the circle of hir turning wheele:
Yet seemes it more then any practise else
• She doth frequent *Bellonas* bloody trade:
And that hir fauour, wauering as the wind,

Hir





ANTONIUS.

Hir greatest power therein doth oft nest shewe.
Whence growes, we dailie see, who in their youth
Gatt honor ther, do loose it in their age,
Vanquish't by some lesse warlike then themselues:
Whome yet a meaner man shall ouerthrowe.
Hir vse is not to lend vs still her hande,
But sometimes headlong backe a gaine to throwe,
When by hir fauor she hath vs extoll'd
Vnto the topp of highest happines.

Ans. well ought I curse within my griued soule,
Lamenting daie and night, this sencelesse loue,
Whereby my faire entiling foe entrap'd
My hedelesse Reason, could no more escape.

It was not fortunes euer chaunging face:

It was not Dest nies chaungles violence

Forg'd my mishap. Alas! who doth not know

They make, nor marre, nor any thing can doe.

Fortune, which men so feare, adore, desest,

Is but a chaunce whose cause vnknow'n doth rest.

Although oft times the cause is well percein'd.

E

But

Hir





ANTONIUS.

*But not the effect she same shas war conceiu'd.
Pleasure, nought else, the plague of this our life,
Our life which still a thousand plagues pursue,
Alone hath me this strange disastre spunne,
Falne from a souldior to a chamberer,
Careles of vertue, careles of all praise.
Nay, as the fatted swine in filthy mire
With gluttet heart I wallowed in delights,
All thoughts of honor troden vnder foote.
So I me lost: for finding this sweet cupp
Pleasing my tast, vnwise I drunke my fill,
And through the sweetnes of that poisons power
By steps I draue my former wits astraie.
I made my friends, offended me forsake,
I holpe my foes against my selfe to rise.
I robd my subiects, and for followers
I saw my selfe beset with flatterers.
Mine idle armes faire wrought with spiders worke,
My scattred men without their ensignes strai'd:
Cesar meane while who neuer would haue dar'de*

To





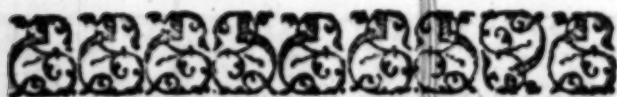
ANTONIVS.

To cope with me, me sodainely despis'de,
Tooke hart to fight, and hop'de for victorie
On one so gone, who glorie had forgone.
L. Enchaunting pleasure *Venus* sweete delights
Weaken our bodies, ouer-cloud our sprights,
Trouble our reason, from our hearts out chase
All holie vertues lodging in this place:
Like as the cunnig fisher takes the fishe
By traitor baite whereby the hooke is hid:
So *Pleasure* serues to vice in steede of foode
To baite our soules thereon too liquorishe.
This poison deadly is alike to all,
But on great kings doth greatest outrage worke,
Taking the roiall scepters from their hands,
Thence forward to be by some stranger borne:
While that their people charg'd with heauie loades
Their flatt'ers pill, and suck their mary drie,
Not rul'd but left to great men as a pray,
While this fonde Prince himselfe in pleasur's drown's
Who hears nought, sees nought, doth nought of a king

E 2

Se-





ANTONIVS.

Seming himselfe against himselfe conspirde.
Then equall Iustice wandreth banished,
And in her seat sitts greedie Tyrannie.
Confus'd disorder troubleth all estates,
Crimes without feare and outrages are done.
Then mutinous *Rebellion* shewes her face,
Now hid with this, and now with that pretence,
Prouoking enimies, which on each side
Enter at ease, and make them Lords of all.
The hurtfull workes of pleasure here behold.

An. The wolfe is not so hurtfull to the folde,
Frost to the grapes, to ripened frutes the raine:
As pleasure is to princes full of paine.

Lu. There nedes no prooffe, but by th' *Affirian* kinge,
On whom that Monster woefull wrack did bring.

An. There nedes no prooffe, but by unhappie I,
Who lost my empire, honor, life thereby,

Lu. Yet hath this ill so much the greater force,
As scarcely any do against it stand:

No not the Demy-gods the olde world knew,

Who





ANTONIVS.

Who all subdu'de, could *Pleasures* power subdue.
Great *Hercules*, *Hercules* once that was
Wonder of earth and heauen, matchles in might,
Who *Anseus*, *Lycus*, *Geryon* ouercame,
Who drew from hell the triple-headed dogg,
Who *Hydra* kill'd, vanquishd *Achelous*,
Who heauens weight on his strong shoulders bare;
Did he not vnder *Pleasures* burthen bow?
Did he not Captiue to this passion yelde,
When by his Captiue, so he was inflam'd,
As now your selfe in *Cleopatra* burne?
Slept in hir lapp, hir bosome kist and kiste,
With base vnseemely seruice bought her loue,
Spinning at distaffe, and with sinewy hand
Winding on spindles threde, in maides attire?
His conqu'ring clubbe at rest on wal did hang:
His bow vnstringd he bent not as he vs'de:
Vpon his shafts the weauing spiders spunne:
And his hard cloake the fretting mothes did pierce.
The monsters free and fearles all the time





ANTONIUS.

Throughout the world the people did torment,
And more and more encreasing daie by daie
Scorn'd his weake heart become a mistresse play.

An. In onely this like *Hercules* am I,
In this I proue me of his lignage right:
In this himselfe, his deedes I shew in this:
In this, nought else, my ancestor he is.

But goe we: die I must, and with braue end
Conclusion make of all foregoing harmes:
Die, die I must: I must a noble death,
A glorious death vnto my succour call:
I must deface the shame of time abus'd,
I must adorne the wanton loues I vs'd,
With some couragious act: that my last day
By mine owne hand my spots may wash away.

Come deare *Lucill*: alas! why weepe you thus!
This mortall lot is common to vs all.
We must all die, each doth in homage owe
Vnto that God that shar'd the Realmes belowe.
Ah sigh no more: alas! appease your woes,

For





ANTONIVS.

For by your greife my grieife more eager growes.

Chorus.

Alas, with what tormenting fire.
Vs martireth this blind desire
to stay our life from flieng!
How ceasleslie our minds doth rack,
How heauie lies vpon our back
This dastard feare of dieng!
Death rather healthfull succour giues,
Death rather all mishapps relieues
That life vpon vs throweth:
And euer to vs death vnclose
The dore whereby from curelesse woes
Our weary soule out goeth.
What Goddesse else more milde then she
To burie all our paine can be,
What remedie more pleasing?
Our painēd hearts when dolor stings,

And





ANTONIUS.

And nothing rest, or respite brings,
What help haue we more easing?
Hope which to vs doth comfort giue,
And doth our fainting harts reuiue,
Hath not such force in anguish:
For promising a vaine reliefe
She oft vs failes in midit of griefe,
And helples lets vs languish.
But Death who call on her at neede
Doth neuer with vaine semblant feed,
But when them sorrow paineth,
So riddes their soules of all distresse
Whose heauie weight did them oppresse,
That not one griefe remaineth.
Who feareles and with courage bolde
Can *Acherons* black face behold,
Which muddie water beareth:
And crossing ouer in the way
Is not amaz'd at *Perruque* gray
Olde rusty *Charon* weareth?

Who





ANTONIUS.

Who voide of dread can looke vpon
The dreadfull shades that Rome alone,
On bankes where sound no voices:
Whome with hir fire-brands and her Snakes
No whit afraide *Alecto* makes,
Nor triple-barking noises:
Who freely can himselfe dispose
Of that last hower which all must close,
And leaue this life at pleasure:
This noble freedome more esteemes,
And in his heart more precious deemes,
Then crowne and kinglie treasure,
The waues which *Boreas* blasts turmoile
And cause with foaming furie boile,
Make not his heart to tremble:
Nor brutish broile, when with strong head
A rebell people madly ledde
Against their Lords assemble:
Nor fearefull face of Tirant wood,
Who breaths but threats, & drinks but bloud,
No

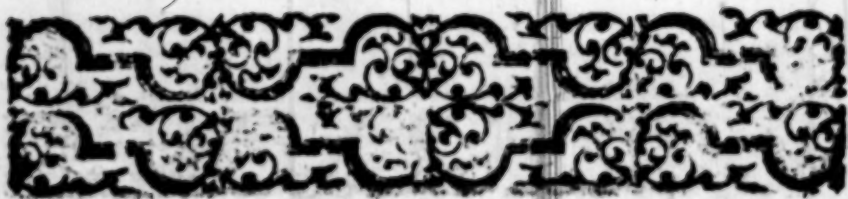




ANTONIVS.

No, nor the hand which thunder,
The hand of *Ioue* which thunder beares,
And ribbs of rocks in sunder teares,
Teares mountains sides in sunder:
Nor bloody *Marses* butchering bands,
Whose lightnings desert laie the lands
Whome dustie cloudes do couer:
From of whose armour sun-beames flie,
And vnder them make quaking lie
The plaines wheron they houer:
Nor yet the cruell murth'ing blade
Warne in the moistie bowels made
Of people pell mell dieng
In some great Cittie put to sack
By sauage Tirant brought to wrack,
At his colde mercie lieng,
How abiect him, how base thinke I,
Who wanting courage can not dye
When need him thereto calleth?
From whome the dagger drawne to kill

The





ANTONIVS.

The cureles griefes that vexe him still

For feare and faintnes talleth?

O *Antony* with thy deare mate

Both in misfortunes fortunate!

Whose thoughts to death a spiring

Shall you protect from victors rage,

Who on each side doth you encage,

To triumph much desiring.

That *Cæsar* may you not offend

Nought else but death can you defend,

Which his weake force derideth.

And all in this round earth containd,

Powrles on them whome once enchaind

Auernus prison hideth:

Where great *Psammesiques* ghost doth rest,

Not with infernall paine posselt,

But in sweete fields detained:

And olde *Amasis* soule likewise,

And all our famous *Ptolemies*

That whilome on vs raigned.

134





ANTONIVS.

Act. 4

Cæsar. Agrippa. Dircetus,
the Messenger.

Cæsar.

You euer-liuing Gods which all thing s holde
Within the power of your celestiall hands,
By whome heate,colde,the thunder,and the wind,
The properties of enterchaunging mon'ths
Their course and being haue;which do set downe
Of Empires by your destinied decree
The force, age, time, and subiect to no chaunge
Chaunge all, reseruing nothing in one state:
You haue aduaunst, as high as thundring heau'n
The *Romaines* greatnes by *Bellonas* might:
Maistring the world with fearefull violence,
Making the world widdow of libertie.
Yet at this day this proud exalted *Rome*

De-





ANTONIVS.

Despoil'd, captiu'd, at one mans will doth bend:
Her Empire mine, her life is in my hand,
As Monarch I both world and *Rome* commaund;
Do all, can all; foorth my command'ment cast
Like thundring fire from one to other Pole
Equall to Ioue: bestowing by my word
Happs and mishappes, as Fortunes King and Lord.

No towne there is, but vp my Image iettes,
But sacrifice to me doth dayly make:
Whither where *Phæbus* ioyne his mourning steedes,
Or where the night them weary entertaines,
Or where the heat the *Garamants* doth scorch,
Or where the colde from *Boreas* breast is blowne:
All *Cæsar* do both awe and honor beare,
And crowned Kings his verie name doth feare.

Antony knowes it well, for whome not one
Of all the Princes all this earth do rule,
Armes against me: for all redoubt the power
which heau'nly powers on earth haue made me beare.

Antony, he poore man with fire inflam'de

A





ANTONIUS.

A womans beauties kindled in his heart.
Rose against me, who longer could not beare
My sisters wrong he did so ill intreat:
Seing her left while that his leud delights
Her husband with his *Claopatre* tooke
In *Alexandria*, where both nights and daies
Their time they pass'd in nought but loues and plaies
All *Asias* forces into one he drewe,
And forth he set vpon the azur'd waues
A thousand and a thousand Shippes, which fill'd
With Souldiours, pikes, with targets, arrowes, darts,
Made *Neptune* quake, and all the watry troupes
Of *Glanques*, and *Tritons* lodg'd at *Aethium*,
But mightie Gods, who still the force withstand
Of him, who causles doth another wrong,
In lesse then moments space redus'd to nought
All that proud power by Sea or land he brought.
Ag. Presumptuous pride of heigh and hawtie sprite,
Voluptuous care of fond and foolish loue,
Haue iustly wrought his wrack who thought he helde

(By





ANTONIVS.

(By ouerweening) Fortune in his hand.
Of vs he made no count, but as to play,
So feareles came our forces to assay.

So sometimes fell to Sonnes of mother earth,
Which crawl'd to heau'n warre on the God to make,
Olymp on Pelion, Ossa on Olym.p,
Pindus on Ossa loading by degrees:
That at hand strokes with mightie clubbes the might
On mosie rocks the Gods make tumble downe:
When mightie *Ioue* with burning anger chaf'd,
Disbraind with him *Gyges* and *Briareus*,
Blunting his darts vpon their brused bones.
For no one thing the Gods can lesse abide
In deedes of men, then Arrogance and pride.
And still the proud, which too much takes in hand,
Shall fowlest fall, where best he shinkes to stand.
Ces. Right as some Pallace, or some stately tower,
Which ouer-lookes the neighbour buildings round
In scorning wise, and to the starres vp growes,
Which in short time his owne weight ouerthrowes.

What





ANTONIVS.

What monstrous pride, nay what impietie
Incens't him onward to the Gods disgrace?
When his two children, *Cleopatras* bratts,
To *Phæbe* and her brother he compar'd,
Latonas race, causing them to be call'd
The Sunne and Moone? Is not this follie right
And is not this the Gods to make his foes?
And is not this himselfe to worke his woes?
Agr. In like proud sort he caus'd his hed to leese
The Iewish king *Antigonus*, to haue
His Realme for balme, that *Cleopatra* lou'd,
As though on him he had some treason prou'd.
Cæs. *Lidia* to her, and *Siria* he gaue,
Cyprus of golde, *Arabia* rich of smelles:
And to his children more *Cilicia*,
Parth's, *Medes*, *Armenia*, *Phanicia*:
The kings of kings proclaiming them to be,
By his owne word, as by a sound decree.
Agr. What? Robbing his owne country of her due
Triumph'd he not in *Alexandria*,





ANTONIVS.

Of *Artabafus* the *Armenian* King,
Who yeelded on his periur'd word to him?
Ces. Nay, neuer *Rome* more iniuries receiu'd,
Since thou, ô *Rômulus*, by flight of birds
With happy hand the *Romain* walles did'st build,
Then *Antonyes* fond loues to it hath done.
Nor euer warre more holie, nor more iust,
Nor vndertaken with more hard constraint,
Then is this warre: which were it not, our state
Within small time all dignitie should loose:
Though I lament (thou *Sunne* my witnes art,
And thou great *Ioue*) that it so deadly proues:
That *Romaine* blood should in such plentie flowe,
Watring the fields and pastures where we go.
What *Carthage* in olde hatred obstinate,
What *Gaul* still barking at our rising state,
What rebell *Samnite*, what fierce *Phyrrhus* power,
What cruell *Mithridate*, what *Parth* hath wrought
Such woe to *Rome*? whose common wealth he had,
(Had he bene victor) into *Egypt* brought.

F

Ag.





ANTONIVS.

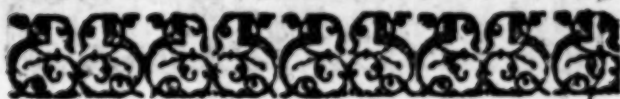
Ag. Surely the Gods, which haue this cittie built
Steadfast to stand as long as time endures,
Which keepe the Capitoll, of vs take care,
And care will take of those shall after come,
Haue made you victor, that you might redresse
Their honor growne by passed mischieues lesse.

Ces. The feelie man when all the Greekish Sea
His fleete had hid, in hope me sure to drowne,
Me battaile gaue: where fortune in my stede,
Repulsing him his forces disaraied.

Himselfe tooke flight, soone as his loue he saw
All wanne through feare with full sailes flie away.
His men, though lost, whome none did now direct,
With courage fought fast grappled shipp with shipp,
Charging, resisting, as their oares would serue,
With darts, with swords, with pikes, with fiery flames.
So that the darkned night her starrie vaile
Vpon the bloudy sea had ouer-spred,
Whilst yet they held: and hardly, hardly then
They fell to flieng on the waue plaine,

All





ANTONIUS.

All full of soldiers ouerwhelm'd with waues.
The aire throughout with cries & grones did sound:
The sea did blush with bloud: the neighbour shores
Groned, so they with shipwracks pestred were,
And floting bodies left for pleasing foode
To birds, and beasts, and fishes of the sea,
You know it well *Agrippa*. *Ag.* Mete it was
The *Romain* Empire so should ruled be,
As heau'n is rul'd: which turning ouer vs,
All vnder things by his example turnes.
Now as of heau'n one onely Lord we know:
One onely Lord should rule this earth below.
*When one selfe pow're is common made to two
Their dussies they nor suffer will, nor doe.
In quarell still, in doubt, in hate, in feare;
Meane while the people all the smart do beare.*
Cas. Then to the end none, while my daies endure,
Seeking to raise himselfe may succours find,
We must with bloud marke this our victory,
For iust example to all memorie





ANTONIUS.

Murther we must, vntil not one we leaue,
Which may hereafter ys of rest bereaue.

Ag. Marke it with murthers? Who of that can like?

Cæ. Murthers must vse, who doth assurance seeke.

Ag. Assurance call you enemies to make?

Cæ. I make no such, but such away I take.

Ag. Nothing so much as rigour doth displease.

Cæ. Nothing so much doth make me liue at ease.

Ag. What ease to him that feared is of all?

Cæ. Feared to be, and see his foes to fall.

Ag. Commonly feare doth brede and nourish hate.

Cæ. Hate without pow'r comes commonly too late.

Ag. A feared Prince hath oft his death desir'd

Cæ. A Prince not fear'd hath oft his wrong conspir'd.

Ag. No guard so sure, no forte so strong doth proue.

No such defence, as is the peoples loue. (winde,

Cæ. Nought more vn sure more weak, more like the

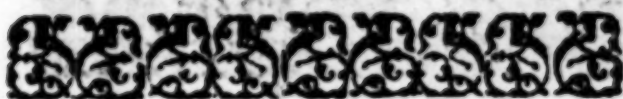
Then *Peoples* fauour still to change enclinde. (beare!

Ag. Good Gods! what loue to gracious prince men

Cæ. What honor to the Prince that is seuer!

Ag.





ANTONIVS.

Ag. Nought more diuine then is *Benignitie*.

Cæ. Nought likes the *Gods* as doth *Seuerity*.

Ag. *Gods* all forgiue. *Cæ.* On faults they paines do lay.

Ag. And giue their goods. *C.* Oft times they tak away

Ag. They wreake them not, ô *Cæsar*, at each time

That by our sinnes they are to wrath prouok'd.

Neither must you (beleeue, I humblie praie)

Your victorie with crueltie defile.

The *Gods* it gaue, it must not be abus'd,

But to the good of all men mildely vs'd,

And they bethank'd: that hauing giu'n you grace

To raigne alone, and rule this earthly masse,

They may hence-forward hold it still in rest,

All scattered power vnited in one brest.

Cæ. But what is he that breathles comes so fast,

Approching vs, and going in such hast?

Ag. He seemes affraid: and vnder his arme I

(But much I erre) a bloudy sword espie.

Cæ. I long to vnderstand what it may be.

Ag. He hither comes: it's best we stay and see.





ANTONIUS.

Dirce. What good God now my voice will reenforce,
That tell I may to rocks, and hilles, and woods,
To waues of sea, which dash vpon the shore,
To earth, to heauen, the woefull newes I bring?

A. What sodaine chance thee towards vs hath broght

Dir. A lamentable chance. O wrath of heau'ns!

O Gods too pittiles! *Cæs.* What monstrous hap

Wilt thou recount? *Dir.* Alas too hard mishap!

When I but dreame of what mine eies beheld,
My hart doth freeze, my limmes do quiuering quake,
I senceles stand, my brest with tempest tost

Killes in my throte my words, ere fully borne.

Dead, dead he is: be sure of what I say,

This murdering sword hath made the man away.

Cæs. Alas my heart doth cleaue, pittie me rackes,

My brest doth pant to heare this dolefull tale.

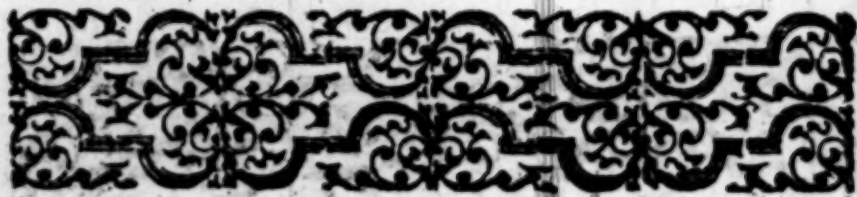
Is *Antony* then dead? to death, alas!

I am the cause despaire him so compell'd.

But soldior of his death the manner showe,

And how he did this liuing light forgoe;

Dir.

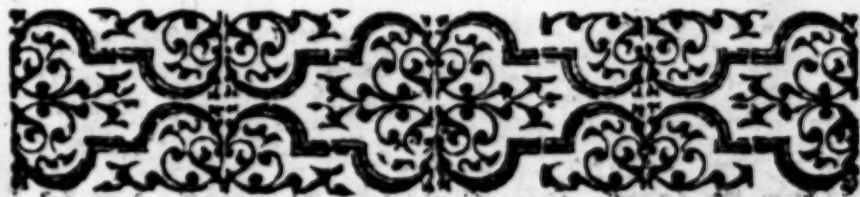


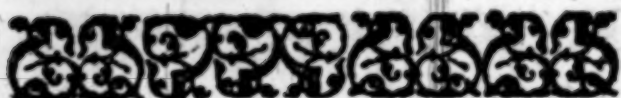


ANTONIVS.

Dir. When *Antony* no hope remaining saw
How warre he might, or how agreement make,
Saw him betraid by all his men of warre
In euery fight as well by sea, as land;
That not content to yeeld them to their foes
They also came against him selfe to fight:
Alone in court he gan him selfe torment,
Accuse the Queene, him selfe of hir lament,
Call'd hir vntrue and traitresse, as who sought
To yeeld him vp she could no more defend:
That in the harmes which for hir sake he bare,
As in his blisfull state, she might not share.
But she againe, who much his fury fear'd,
Gat to the tombes, darke horrors dwelling place:
Made lock the doores, and pull the hearse downe.
Then fell she wretched, with hir selfe to fight.
A thousand plaints, a thousand sobbes she cast
From hir weake brest which to the bones was torne.
Of women hir the most vnhappy call'd,
Who by hir loue, hir woefull loue, had lost

Hir





ANTONIUS.

Hir realme, hir life, and more the loue of him,
Who while he was, was all hir woes support.
But that the faultles was she did inuoke
For witnes heau'n, and aire, and earth, and sea.
Then sent him word, she was no more aliue,
But lay inclosed dead within her tombe.
This he beleeu'd; and fell to sigh and grone,
And crost his armes, then thus began to mone.
C. Poore hopeles man! D. What dost thou more attend
Ah *Antony*! why dost thou death deferre.
Since *Fortune* thy professed enimie,
Hath made to die, who only made thee liue?
Sone as with sighes hee had these words vp clos'd,
His armor he vnlaste and cast it off,
Then all disarm'd he thus againe did say:
My Queene, my heart, the grieffe that now I feele.
Is not that I your eies, my Sunne, do loose,
For soone againe one tombe shall vs conioyne:
I grieue, whome men so valorous did deeme,
Should now, then you, of lesser valor seeme.

- So



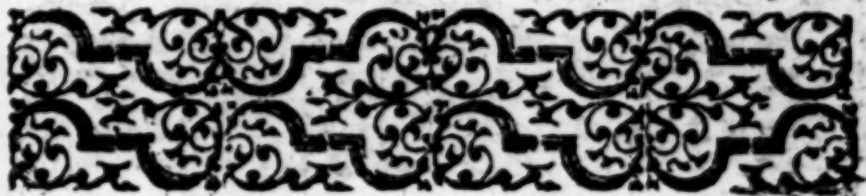


ANTONIVS.

So said, forthwith he *Eros* to him call'd,
Eros his man; summond him on his faith
To kill him at his nede. He tooke the sword,
And at that instant stab'd therewith his breast,
And ending life fell dead before his feete.
O *Eros* thankes (quoth *Antony*) for this
Most noble acte, who pow'les me to kill,
On thee hast done, what I on mee should do.

Of speaking thus he scarce had made an end,
And taken vp the bloody sword from ground,
But he his bodie piers'd; and of red blood
A gushing fountaine all the chamber fill'd.
He staggerd at the blow, his face grew pale,
And on a couche all feeble downe he fell,
Sounding with anguish: deadly cold him tooke,
As if his soule had then his lodging left
But he reuiu'd, and marking all our eies
Bathed in teares, and how our breasts we beate
For pittie, anguish, and for bitter grieke,
To see him plong'd in extreame wretchednes:

He





ANTONIVS.

He prai'd vs all to haste his lingring death:
But no man willing, each himselfe withdrew.
Then fell he new to cry and vexe himselfe,
Vntill a man from *Cleopatra* came,
Who said from hir he had commaundement
To bring him to hir to the monument.

The poore soule at these words euen rapt with ioy
Knowing she liu'd, prai'd vs him to conuey
Vnto his Lady. Then vpon our armes
We bare him to the Tombe, but entred not.
For she who feared captiue to be made,
And that she should to *Rome* in triumph goe,
Kept close the gate but from a window high
Cast downe a corde, wherein he was impactt.
Then by hir womens help the corps she rais'd,
And by strong armes into hir window drew.

So pittifull a sight was neuer scene.
Little and little *Antony* was pull'd,
Now breathing death: his beard was all vnkempt,
His face and brest al bathed in his bloud.

So



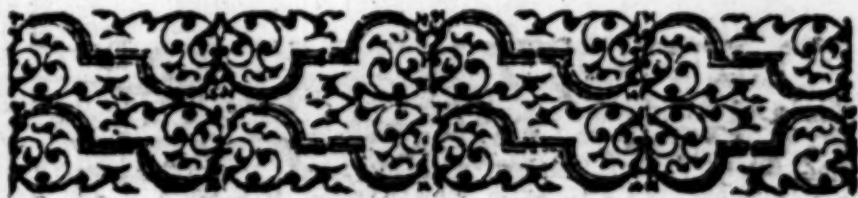


ANTONIVS.

So hideous yet, and dieng as he was,
His eies half-clos'd vppon the Queene he cast:
Held vp his hands, and holpe himselfe to raise,
But still with weaknes back his bodie fell.
The miserable ladie with moist eies,
With haire which careles on hir forehead hong,
With brest which blowes had bloudily benumb'd,
With stooping head, and body down-ward bent,
Enlast hir in the corde, and with all force
This life-dead man couragiously vprais'd,
The bloud with paine into hir face did flowe,
Hir sinewes stiff, her selfe did breathles grow.

The people which beneath in flocks beheld,
Assisted her with gesture, speach, desire:
Cride and encourag'd her, and in their soules
Did sweate, and labor, no whit lesse then she.
Who neuer tir'd in labor, held so long
Helpt by her women, and hir constant heart,
That *Antony* was drawne into the tombe,
And there (I thinke) of dead augments the summe.

The





ANTONVS.

The cittie all to teares and sighes is turn'd,
To plaints and outcries horrible to heare:
Men, women, children, hoary-headed age
Do all pell mell in house and streete lament,
Scratching their faces, tearing of their haire,
Wringing their hands, and martyring their breasts
Extream their dole: and greater misery
In sacked townes can hardlie euer be—
Not if the fire had scal'de the highest towers:
That all things were of force and murther full;
That in the streets the bloud in riuers stream'd;
The sonne his fire saw in his bosome slaine,
The fire his sonne: the husband rest of breath
In his wiues armes, who furious runnes to death.

Now my brest wounded with their piteouse plaints
I left their towne, and tooke with me this sworde,
Which I tooke vp at what time *Antony*
Was from his chamber caried to the tombe:
And brought it you, to make his death more plaine,
And that thereby my words may credite gaine.

Ces.





ANTONIVS.

Cæs. Ah Gods what cruell hap! poore *Antony*,
Alas hast thou this sword so long time borne
Against thy foe, that in the end it should
Of thee his Lord the cursed murth'rer be?
O *Death* how I bewaile thee! we (alas!)
So many warres haue ended, brothers, friends,
Companions, coozens, equalls in estate:
And must it now to kill thee be my fate?

Ag. Why trouble you your selfe with bootles griefe?
For *Antony* why spend you teares in vaine?
Why darken you with dole your victory?
Me seemes your selfe your glory do enuie.
Enter the towne, giue thanks vnto the Gods.

Cæs. I cannot but his tearefull chaunce lament,
Although not I, but his owne pride the cause,
And vnchast loue of this *Aegyptian*.

Agg. But best we sought into the tombe to get,
Lest she consume in this amazed case
So much rich treasure, with which happely
Despaire in death may make hir feede the fire:

Suf-





ANTONIVS.

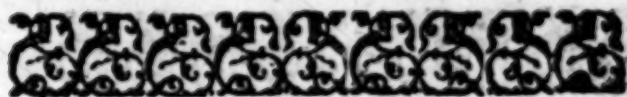
Suffring the flames hir Jewells to deface,
You to defraud, hir funerall to grace.
Sende then to hir, and let some meane be vs'd
With some deuise so hold her still aliue,
Some faire large promises: and let them marke
Whither they may by some fine cunning slight
Enter the tombes. *Cesar*. Let *Proculeius* goe,
And feede with hope hir soule disconsolate.
Assure hir soe, that we may wholly get
Into our hands hir treasure and her selfe.
For this of all things most I do desire
To keepe her safe vntil! our going hence:
That by hir presence beautified may be
The glorious triumph *Rome* prepares for me.

Chorus of Romaine
Souldiors.

Shall euer ciuile bate
gnaw and deuour our state?

shall





ANTONIVS.

shall neuer we this blade,
our bloud hath bloody made,
lay downe these armes downe lay
as robes we weare alway?
but as from age to age.
so passe from rage to rage?
Our hands shall we not rest
to bath in our owne brest?
and shall thick in each land
our wretched trophees stand,
to tell posteritie,
what madd Impietie
our stonie stomacks led
against the place vs bred?
Then still must heauen view
the plagues that vs pursue.
and euery wher descrie
Heaps of vs scattred lie,
making the stranger plaines
fat with our bleeding raines,
proud





ANTONIUS.

proud that on them their graue
so many legious haue.
And with our fleshs still
Neptune his fishes fill
and dronke with bloud from blue
the sea take blushing hue:
as iuice of *Tyrian* shell,
when clarified well
to wolfe of finest fields
a purple glosse it yeeldes.
But since the rule of *Rome*,
to one mans hand is come,
who gouernes without mate
hir now vnited state,
late iointly rulde by three
enuieng mutuallie,
whose triple yoke much woe
on *Latines* necks did throwe:
I hope the cause of iarre,
and of this bloudie warre,

and





ANTONIUS.

and deadly discord gone
by what we last haue done:
our banks shall cherish now
the branchie pale-hew'd bow
of *Oline*, *Pallas* praise,
in stede of barraine baies.

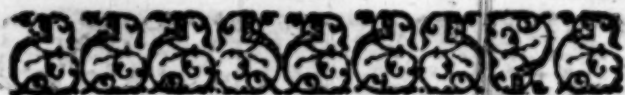
And that his temple dore,
which bloudy *Mars* before
held open, now at last
olde *Ianus* shall make fast:
and rust the sword consume,
and spoild of wauiing plume,
The vseles morion shall
on crooke hang by the wall.

At least if warre returne
It shall not here soiourne,
to kill vs with those armes
were forg'd for others harmes:
but haue their points addrest,
against the *Germanes* brest,

G

The





ANTONIUS.

The *Parthians* fayned flight,
the *Biscaines* martiall might.
Olde Memory doth there
painted on forehead weare
our Fathers praise: thence torne
our triumphs baies haue worne:
therby our matchles *Rome*
whilome of Shepeheards come
rais'd to this greatnes stands,
the Queene of forraine lands.
Which now euen seemes to face
the heau'ns, her glories place:
nought resting vnder skies
that dares affront her eies.
So that she needs but feare
the weapons *Ioue* doth beare,
who angry at one blowe
may her quite ouerthrowe.





ANTONIUS.

Act. 5,

Cleopatra. Euphron. Children of Cleopatra.

Charmion. Eras,

Cleop.

O cruell fortune! ô accursed lot!
O plaguy loue! ô most detested brand!
O wretched ioyes! ô beauties miserable!
O deadly state! ô deadly roialtie!
O hatefull life! ô Queene most lamentable!
O *Antony* by my faulte buriable!
O hellish worke of heau'n! alas! the wrath
Of all the Gods at once on vs is falne.
Vnhappie Queene! ô would I in this world
The wandring light of day had neuer seene?
Alas! of mine the plague and poison I
The crowne haue lost my ancestors me left,
This Realme I haue to strangers subiect made,

G 2

And





ANTONIUS.

And robd my children of their heritage.

Yet this is nought (alás!) vnto the price
Of you deare husband, whome my snares intrap'd:
Of you, whome I haue plagu'd, whom I haue made
With bloody hand a guest of mouldie tombe:
Of you, whome I destroied, of you, deare Lord,
Whome I of Empire, honor, life haue spoil'd.

O hurtfull woman! and can I yet liue,
Yet longer liue in this Ghost-haunted tombe?
Can I yet breath! can yet in such annoy,
Yet can my soule within this body dwell?
O Sisters you that spin the thredes of death!
O *Styx!* ô *Plegeshon!* you brookes of hell!
O Impes of *Night!* *Emph.* Liue for your childrens sake:
Let not your death of kingdome them deprive.
Alas what shall they do who will haue care?
Who will preserue this royall race of yours?
Who pittie take! even now me seemes I see
These little soules to seruile bondage falne,
And borne in triumph. *Cl.* Ah most miserable!

Emph.





ANTONIVS.

Euph. Their tender armes with cursed cord fast bound
At their weake backs. *Cl.* Ah Gods what pittie more!

Euph. Their seely necks to ground with weaknes bend

Cl. Neuer on vs, good Gods, such mischiefe send.

Euph. And pointed at with fingers as they go.

Cl. Rather a thousand deaths. *Euph.* Lastly his knife
Some cruell catiue in their bloud embrue.

Cl. Ah my heart breaks. By shady banks of hell,

By fields whereon the lonely Ghosts do treade,

By my soule, and the soule of *Antony*

I you besech, *Euphron*, of them haue care.

Be their good Father, let your wisdom lett

That they fall not into this Tyrants hands.

Rather conduct them where their freezed locks

Black *Aethiops* to neighbour Sunne do shew;

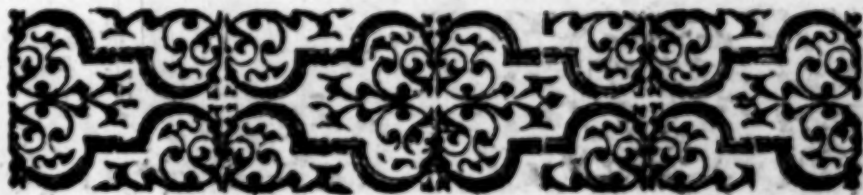
On waue *Ocean* at the waters will;

On barraine cliffes of snowie *Caucasus*;

To Tigers swift, to Lions, and to Beares;

And rather, rather vnto euery coaste,

To eu'ry land and sea: for nought I feare





ANTONIVS.

As rage of him, whose thirst no bloud can quench.

Adieu deare children, children deare adieu:

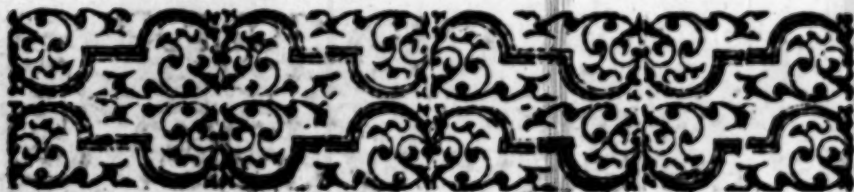
Good *Isis* you to place of safety guide,
Farre from our fces, where you your liues may leade
In free estate deuoid of seruile dread.

Remember not, my children, you were borne
Of such a Princely race: remember not
So many braue Kings which haue *Egipt* rul'de
In right descent your ancestors haue beene:
That this great *Antony* your father was,
Hercules blood, and more then he in praise.
For your high courage such remembrance will,
Seing your fall with burning rages fill.

Who knowes if that your hands false *Destinie*
The Scepters promis'd of imperious *Rome*,
In stede of them shall crooked shephehookes beare,
Needles or forkes, or guide the carte, or plough?
Ah learne t'endure: your birth and high estate
Forget, my babes, and bend to force of fate.

Farwell, my babes, farwell my heart is clos'd,

With





ANTONYVS.

With pittie and paine, my selfe with death enclos'd,
My breath doth faile. Farwell for euermore,
Your Sire and me you shall see neuer more.
Farwell sweet care, farwell. *Chil.* Madame Adieu.
Cl. Ah this voice killes me. Ah good Gods! I swoound.
I can no more, I die. *Eras.* Madame, alas!
And will you yeld to woe? Ah speake to vs. (chance.
Eu. Come Children. *Chil.* We come. *Eu.* Follow we our
The Gods shall guide vs. *Char.* O too cruell lot!
O too hard chaunce! Sister what shall we do,
What shall we do, alas! if murthring darte
Of death arriue while that in slumbring swoound
Halfe dead she lie with anguish ouergone?
Er. Her face is frozen. *Ch.* Madame for Gods loue
Leaue vs not thus: bid vs yet first farwell.
Alas! wepe ouer *Antony*: Let not
His bodie be without due rites entomb'd. (she is?
Cl. Ah, ah. *Char.* Madame. *Cl.* Ay me! *Ch.* How fainte
Cl. My Sisters, holde me vp. How wretched I,
How cursed am: and was there euer one

11074

By





ANTONIUS.

By Fortunes hate into more dolours throwne?

Ah, weeping *Niobe*, although thy heart
Beholds it selfe enwrap'd in causefull woe
For thy dead children, that a sencelesse rocke
With grieve become, on *Sipylos* thou stand'st
In endles teares: yet didst thou neuer feele
The weights of grieve that on my heart do lie.
Thy Children thou, mine I poore soule haue lost,
And lost their Father, more then them I waile,
Lost this faire realme; yet me the heauens wrath
Into a stone not yet transformed hath.

Phaëtons sisters, daughters of the Sunne,
Which waile your brother false into the streames
Of stately *Po*: the Gods vpon the bankes
Your bodies to banke-louing Alders turn'd.
For me, I sigh, I ceasles wepe, and waile,
And heauen pittiles laughs at my woe,
Reuiues, renews it still: and in the ende
(Oh cruelty!) doth death for comfort lend.

Die *Cleopatra* then no longer stay

From





ANTONIVS.

From *Antony*, who thee at *Styx* attends:
Go ioyne thy Ghost with his, and sob no more
Without his loue within these tombes enclos'd.

Eras. Alas! yet let vs wepe, lest sodaine death
From him our teares, and those last duties take
Vnto his tombe we owe. *Ch.* Ah let vs wepe

While moisture lasts, then die before his feete.

Cl. Who furnish will mine eies with streaming teares
My boiling anguish worthily to waile,
Waile thee *Antony*, *Antony* my heart?

Alas, how much I weeping liquor want!

Yet haue mine eies quite drawne their Condit's drie
By long beweeeping my disastred harmes.

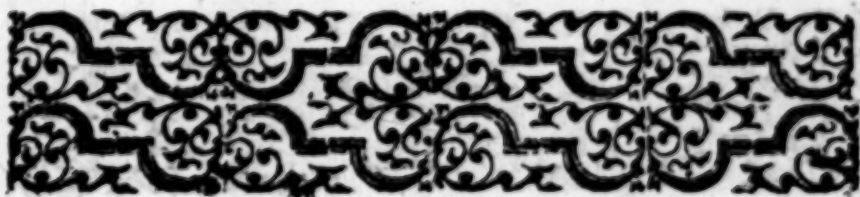
Now reason is that from my side they sucke
First vitall moisture, then the vitall bloud.

Then let the bloud from my sad eies outflowe,
And smoking yet with thine in mixture grow.

Moist it, and heat it newe, and neuer stop,
All warring thee, while yet remains one drop.

Ch. *Antony* take our teares: this is the last

OF





ANTONIVS.

Of all the duties we to thee can yelde,
Before we die. *Er.* These sacred obseques
Take *Antony*, and take them in good parte.
Cl. O Goddesse thou whom *Cyprus* doth adore,
Venus of *Phaphos*, bent to worke vs harme
For olde *Iulus* broode, if thou take care
Of *Cesar*, why of vs tak'st thou no care?

Antony did descend, as well as he,
From thine owne Sonne by long enchained line:
And might haue rul'd by one and selfe same fate,
True *Troian* blood, the stately *Romain* state.

Antony, poore *Antony*, my deare soule,
Now but a blocke, the bootie of a tombe,
Thy life thy heat is lost, thy coullour gone,
And hideous palenes on thy face hath seiz'd.
Thy eies, two Sunnes, the lodging place of loue,
Which yet for tents to warlike *Mars* did serue,
'Lock'd vp in lidds (as faire daies cherefull light
Which darkenesse flies) do winking hide in night.

Antony by our true loues I thee beseeche,

And

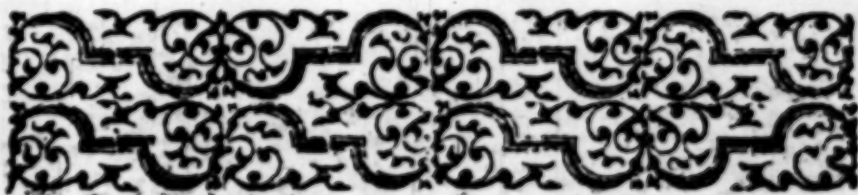




ANTONIVS.

And by our hearts sweete sparks haue set on fire,
Our holy mariage, and the tender ruthe
Of our deare babes, knot of our amitie:
My dolefull voice thy eare let entertaine,
And take me with thee to the hellish plaine,
Thy wife, thy friend: heare *Antony*, ô heare
My sobbing sighes, if here thou be, or there.

Liued thus long, the winged race of yeares
Ended I haue as *Destinie* decreed,
Flourish'd and raign'd, and taken iust reuenge
Of him who me both hated and despisde.
Happie, alas too happie: if of *Rome*
Only the fleete had hither neuer come.
And now of me an Image great shall goe
Vnder the earth to bury there my woe.
What say I? where am I? ô *Cleopatra*,
Poore *Cleopatra*, grieve thy reason reaues.
No, no, most happie in this happles case,
To die with thee, and dieng thee embrace:
My bodie ioynde with thine, my mouth with thine,
My





ANTONVS.

my mouth, whose moisture burning sighes haue dried
To be in one selfe tombe, and one selfe chest,
And wrapt with thee in one selfe sheete to rest.

The sharpest torment in my heart I feele
Is that I stay from thee, my heart, this while.
Die will I straight now, now streight will I die,
And streight with thee a wandring shade will be,
Vnder the *Cypres* trees thou haunt'st alone,
Where brookes of hell do falling seeme to mone.
But yet I stay, and yet thee ouerliue,
That ere I die due rites I may thee giue.

A thousand sobbes I from my brest will teare,
With thousand plaints thy funeralls adorne:
My haire shall serue for thy oblations,
My boiling teares for thy effusions,
Mine eies thy fire: for out of them the flame
(Which burnt thy heart on me enamour'd) came.

Wepe my companions, weepe, and from your eies
Raine downe on him of teares a brinish streame.
Mine can no more, consumed by the coales

Which





ANTONIVS.

Which from my brest, as from a furnace rise,
Martir your breasts with multiplied blowes,
With violent hands teare of your hanging haire,
Outrage your face: alas! why should we seeke
(Since now we die) our beauties more to keepe?

I spent in teares, not able more to spende,
But kisse him now, what rests me more to doe?
Then let me kisse you, you faire eies, my light,
Front seat of honor, face most firme, most faire!
O neck, ô armes, ô hands, ô breast where death
(O mischiefe) comes to choake vp vitall breath.
A thousand kisses, thousand thousand more
Let you my mouth for honors farewell giue:
That in this office weake my limmes may growe,
Fainting on you, and fourth my soule may flow.

At Rams bury. 26. of November.

.1590.





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